

## You Sleep Better in Your Own Bed by PicassoWithAPencil

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**Summary:**

Nancy Wheeler hated the person that coined the term “you sleep better in your own bed.” That was the biggest fucking lie she’d ever heard. In her bed, Nancy could only think of a murderous flower, a dead friend, and the lack of safety.

# You Sleep Better in Your Own Bed

## Author's Note:

So I've known about Stranger Things for a while, but for some reason I never posted anything??? I absolutely fell in love with Jancy and the pure adorableness of this couple. Plus this was inspired by myself because I'm currently re-doing my room. Also teen rating for mild language. You can never be too careful.

Nancy Wheeler hated the person that coined the term "you sleep better in your own bed." That was the biggest fucking lie she'd ever heard. In her bed, Nancy could only think of a murderous flower, a dead friend, and the lack of safety. In her bed she woke up at night, a scream lodged in her throat and tears in her eyes. Her room used to be a place of sanctuary, she remembered. It used to be a sanctum for her when her biggest problems were sneaking out past curfew or getting a B on a test. Now her stuffed Pluto and her Bryan Adam's posters were merely a reflection of the girl she used to be and the room that belonged to the person.

Nancy hadn't slept with a night light since she was seven, yet just the other day she found herself dragging her old boxes out of the closet, frantically searching for a light she desperately wished hadn't gone out. She'd never locked her door before either because she'd never had to keep anything or anyone out before. She'd never kept a shotgun underneath her pillow because she'd never been so afraid to die, or worse, become what Barb had become, a simple platitude of "We miss you, but we never truly knew you."

Shortly after Will had been found and her room felt too small for her thoughts, Nancy had been left under the impression that her experience meant she had grown up. She felt braver and bolder, and she especially felt she had stopped being predictable. But she realized with her nightmares and her precautions, that maybe trauma reduced you to a child instead. Nancy shamefully discovered this when she trembled at the lights being turned off more than Holly did, or when she shrieked in the night while Mike lay silent.

So she hadn't slept in weeks, and she felt as if she were a prisoner in a four-walled, pastel cube. That is until she mustered up her courage and called Jonathan Byers. She remembered that first night clearly, not even forgetting the little details.

*It had been one of the worst nightmares to date. Maybe it had something to do with the fact she'd had to walk home that night from the library because her mom was using the car. Maybe it had something to do with the fact that the tiny light bulb in the night light had gone out and she couldn't find another one. It could easily have been any of those things, but to Nancy, it didn't matter. All she knew was that the Demogorgon had taken Mike instead of Will, and then it turned on her. Her room made no difference in this nightmare, not the color or the placement of the bed. Both she and it were still the same to a monster.*

*She startled herself awake and suddenly realized everything in her room reminded her of what happened. Her sheets were the Demogorgon's heinous arms reaching for her. Her floral chemistry notebook was the Demogorgon's hideous flower-like head. She kicked and lashed out as she tumbled out of her bed. Nancy pushed herself back so far that she felt her back hit the wall. Her breaths were coming in short gasps and she knew her eyes were blown wild.*

*Nancy knew she needed someone, so it was a pure reflex to snatch the phone up from its carrier and dial the number she'd thought of. Her hands shook dangerously as she took comfort in the dial tone, hoping for an answer that would help her. She heard the line pick up and a sleep-addled, "Hello?" rang from the other side. "Jonathan," she asked frantically. Nancy could practically feel Jonathan perk up from the other end of the phone.*

*"Nancy, what's going on?"*

*"T-the monster took Mike and then i-it was coming for me and it's so d-dark in here and there's no l-light this time and the r-room is too small and-*

*"Shhhh slow down." Nancy was so grateful for him in this moment. His voice was so soft and sweet, plus she'd been bordering on hysterical a few moments ago.*

*“What’s going on Nancy? Is it... is it nightmares?”*

*“Mhmm,” she whimpered into the phone.*

*“Are you okay?”*

*“No,” she whispered.*

*“I’m coming over.” He hesitated suddenly. “I-if that’s okay.” Nancy nearly laughed. He was so adorably awkward. “Yes, it is.”*

*“Okay. Stay safe.” He hung up the phone and suddenly Nancy was by herself again. She buried her head in her knees as she waited for him to come.*

*No more than ten minutes later Jonathan was at her window, tapping on it urgently. She let him in and he tumbled ungracefully onto her floor. He scrambled up just as fast and enveloped Nancy in a tight hug. That was when the waterworks started.*

*She sobbed loudly into his shoulder and Jonathan ran his fingers through her hair gently. “Nancy, Nancy, it’s okay. Shhhh please don’t cry. You’re safe. You’re safe. We’re both safe.” Nancy tried to take comfort in his words, but she couldn’t stop her panicked breathing. Jonathan shifted his hand to her back and drew soothing circles up her spine. “Hey, don’t breathe like that. You’ll get sick. Just breathe with me, okay?”*

*Jonathan breathed in deeply and Nancy followed, quickly acclimating herself to his tempo. The exhaustion quickly caught up with her, and she felt her eyelids drooping. She stifled a yawn and Jonathan laughed. “You tired?” She nodded. “Well, um, you want to go to sleep?” She nodded again and stumbled over to her bed, practically dragging him with her.*

*As she climbed in she looked at him plaintively. “Stay,” she asked. Jonathan looked completely embarrassed as he slid in behind her, keeping a safe amount of distance between them. About five minutes passed before Nancy whispered in a broken voice, “C-could you just.... Hold me please?”*

*Fuck.*

*Jonathan obliged her and wrapped his arms around her waist, tightening protectively for a moment when she jumped at the flashing lights of a car.*

*Nancy sighed comfortably and sank into the best sleep she might have ever known.*

That was a few weeks ago. Since then Nancy had discovered that without Jonathan every night was a living hell, and with him, it made sleeping under a park bench sound appealing. She knew that her room didn't really matter to her anymore. She knew that her room didn't signify a complete change, it just signified a small difference.

And Nancy definitely knew that Jonathan was the bed she slept best in.